96

MELEAGER

FIFTY
POEMS OF MELEAGER

WITH A TRANSLATION

BY

WALTER HEADLAM

Εὐκράτεω Μελέαγρος ὁ τὸν γλυκύδακρυν Ἔρωτα
καὶ Μούσας ἱλαραῖς συστολίσας Χάρισιν.

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CONTEXTAM

NON SINE GRATIIS

COROLLAM

HVGONI MACNAGHTEN

TALIVM FLORVM

AMICO STVDIOSO

D. D.

AMICVS FLORILEGVS

With whatsoever skill is ours
we Meleager praise,
the amorous nature, fond of flowers,
the master of sweet phrase:

We Meleager praise, that well
of unkind Love's despite
could tell in song, in song could tell
of kindly Love's delight.

Foreign of race are we, that own
too harsh a voice to sing,
music of more entrancing tone,
to praise him, borrowing.

And yet no stranger he, nor dead,
for him among all men
the Muses have established
a deathless denizen.

Ἡμεῖς τὸν φιλέρωτα, τὸν ἡδόμενον Μελέαγρον
ἄνθεσι, τὸν καλῆς ἔμμορον εὐεπίης,
αἰνοῦμεν, τὸν Ἔρωτος ἀμειλιχίου μελεδώνας
εὖ καὶ μειλιχίου τέρψιν ἀεισάμενον,
ὀθνεῖοι γενεήν, φωνὴν τραχεῖαν ἔχοντες,
ἀλλ' ἐρατεινοτέρην γῆρυν ἀμειψάμενοι,
οὐ ξένον, οὐ τεθνηκότ'· ἐπεὶ Μοῦσαί σφε μέτοικον
ἄφθιτον ἐν πᾶσιν θῆκαν ἐπιχθονίοις.

INTRODUCTION

We know little more of Meleager than we learn from his own poems (XLIX and L), that he was born at Gadara in Palestine, lived in his youth at Tyre, and in his old age at Cos; and that he made his first essay in literature as a disciple of Menippus, the Cynic, whom we know to have been his fellow-citizen. Menippus was famous for his satires. Diogenes Laertius, in his *Lives of the Philosophers*, says of him: "There is nothing of serious value to be got from him, but his books are full of laughable matter, something like those of his contemporary, Meleager." Still, the epithet commonly applied to him, *ὁ σπουδογέλοιος*, suggests that his humour had a serious purpose. Meleager's words do not imply that he was more than an imitator of Menippus in the satiric style. Of this kind, doubtless, were the works from which Athenaeus quotes, the *Χάριτες*, or *Graces*, and the *Συμπόσιον*, or *Banquet-Party*, which was probably modelled on the *Συμπόσιον* of Menippus. The loss of these we need not lament, possessing what we do of his poems and of the *Στέφανος*. This was a collection of short poems, such as these of his own, which he

gathered together into a *Garland*, dedicating it to his friend Diocles in beautiful verses. Here are some of the most interesting couplets of this dedication, in which, naming forty-seven of the contributing authors, he assigns to each a flower:

Μοῦσα φίλα, τίνι τάνδε φέρεις πάγκαρπον ἀοιδάν;
ἦ τίς ὁ καὶ τεύξας ὑμνοθέταν στέφανον;
ἄνυσε μὲν Μελέαγρος, ἀριζάλῳ δὲ Διοκλεῖ
μναμόσυνον ταύταν ἐξεπόνησε χάριν·
πολλὰ μὲν ἐμπλέξας Ἀνύτης κρίνα, πολλὰ δὲ Μοιροῦς
λείρια, καὶ Σαπφοῦς βαιὰ μέν, ἀλλὰ ῥόδα·
νάρκισσόν τε τορῶν Μελανιππίδου ἔγκυον ὕμνων,
καὶ νέον οἰνάνθης κλῆμα Σιμωνίδεω.

. . . . . .

τῇ δ' ἅμα καὶ σάμψυχον ἀφ' ἡδυπνόοιο Ῥιανοῦ,
καὶ γλυκὺν Ἠρίννης παρθενόχρωτα κρόκον.

. . . . . .

ἐν δ' ἄρα Δαμάγητον, ἴον μέλαν, ἡδύ τε μύρτον
Καλλιμάχου, στυφελοῦ μεστὸν ἀεὶ μέλιτος.

. . . . . .

ἐν δὲ καὶ ἐκ φορβῆς σκομότριχος ἄνθος ἀκάνθης
Ἀρχιλόχου, μικρὰς στράγγας ἀπ' ὠκεανοῦ.

. . . . . .

ναὶ μὴν καὶ χρύσειον ἀεὶ θείοιο Πλάτωνος
κλῶνα, τὸν ἐξ ἀρετῆς πάντοθι λαμπόμενον.

. . . . . .

ἄλλων τ' ἔρνεα πολλὰ νεόγραφα· τοῖς δ' ἅμα μούσης
καὶ σφετέρης ἔτι που πρώϊμα λευκόια.

Sweet Muse, to whom this fruitage of singing hast thou brought?
who was it that the poets' garland wrought?
'twas Meleager made it, for noble Diocles
contriving a remembrance that might please;
of Moero many lilies enweaving in his posies,
and Anyte; of Sappho few,—but roses;
with daffodils hymn-teeming of Melanippides,
and young vine-tendril of Simonides.

. . . . . .

With marjoram from fragrant Rhianus therewithal,
and sweet Erinna's crocus virginal.

. . . . . .

The pansy, Damagetus, and of Callimachus
sweet myrtle, full of honey rigorous.

. . . . . .

And, from the pasture, blossom from off that crispéd thorn,
Archilochus, small drops from ocean borne.

. . . . . .

With ever-golden branches of Plato the divine,
that everywhere do of their virtue shine.

. . . . . .

And many shoots of others new-writ; and with them set
of his own muse white snowdrops early yet.

We have altogether near one hundred and thirty epigrams ascribed to Meleager; but half of them will hardly bear translation.

A scholiast says that he flourished in the time of the last Seleucus. The last king of the name was killed in B.C. 95 or 94. The last of the Seleucid dynasty, Antiochus Asiaticus, was expelled by Pompeius in B.C. 65.

A most eloquent criticism of Meleager will be found in the chapter on the Anthology of Mr. J. A. Symonds's *Studies of the Greek Poets*. That there I read first of Meleager is only one small reason for the tribute I delight in paying to that book.

Translation being so much a technical matter, I may be allowed to add a few words upon the metres I have used. Ten-syllable iambics can rarely give the effect of Greek elegiacs. For poems of a somewhat severe style, as the Epitaphs of Simonides, they may serve, though too short; and are suited to *epigrams* in our narrowed English sense, especially when of only two lines: but for poems whose excellence is their melody and grace they are not only too short, but too stiff and too

slow. I am sure that the movement of the elegiac couplet is generally best rendered by the simple quatrain I have most often used, though this, in its turn, is a little over-long. It is not unnecessary to say that correspondence in length is not to be judged by counting syllables. Greek is longer than English; owing to perfection of structure not so much as would appear from comparison of the separate words, but still slightly longer on the whole. My variations from the simple quatrain must justify themselves. In the *Idyll on Spring* I have tried to suggest the effect of the bucolic hexameter.

Finally, I would assure those who cannot read the Greek that the translation is at any rate faithful.

FLORENCE, *May* 1890.

Of every flower his *garland* did Meleager twine,
but he doth of the garland himself the garland shine.

Τὸν στέφανον Μελέαγρος ἀπανταχόθεν συνέπλεξεν·
αὐτὸς δ' ἐκλάμπει τοῦ στεφάνου στέφανος.

Such the blossoms that were borne
by the Grecian soil outworn,
whom the portion to possess
of eternal youthfulness
did the Muses, kindly bent,
with the Graces in consent,
will, upon their opening,
their sweet beauty marvelling.
Not of Grecian birth are we,
but, no Grecians though we be,
still to us the blooms are dear,
blown in Greece, and never sere.

Τοιάδε καὶ γήρασκον ἀνέτραφεν Ἑλλάδος οὖδας
ἄνθεα, τοῖς ἥβης δῶρον ἀειθαλέος
κοινὸν σὺν Χαρίτεσσιν ἀνοιγομένοισιν ἔδωκαν
Μοῦσαι, τὸ γλυκερὸν κάλλος ἀγασσάμεναι.
ἡμεῖς οὐχ Ἕλληνες· ἀνέλληνες δὲ φιλοῦμεν
τὴν οὐ καρφομένην Ἑλλάδος ἀνθοσύνην.

Sweet utterances we bring to thee
of Meleager's voice,
that are of all his poesy
the treasures of our choice.

Come, if thou canst, receive the gift;
but if thy learning fails
to rede the dulcet-sounding drift
of Grecian nightingales,

For thee the twitterings musical,
so hardly to be read,
in our outlandish phrases all
have we interpreted.

Ἠνίδε καλλίφθογγα μελίσματά σοι Μελεάγρου
προσφέρομεν, πολλῶν ταῦτ' ἀπολεξάμενοι.
ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν δύνασαι, λαβὲ τὴν χάριν· εἰ δ' ἀμαθαίνεις
λείριον Ἑλλήνων μοῦσαν ἀηδονίδων,
σοὶ τὰ δυσερμήνευτα λαλήματα βαρβαροφώνοις
χρησάμενοι φθόγγοις πάντ' ἐσαφηνίσαμεν.

POEMS OF MELEAGER

I

Δεινὸς Ἔρως, δεινός· τί δὲ τὸ πλέον ἦν πάλιν εἴπω
καὶ πάλιν, οἰμώζων πολλάκι, Δεινὸς Ἔρως ;
ἦ γὰρ ὁ παῖς τούτοισι γελᾷ, καὶ πυκνὰ κακισθεὶς
ἥδεται· ἢν δ' εἴπω λοίδορα, καὶ τρέφεται.
θαῦμα δέ μοι πῶς ἆρα, διὰ γλαυκοῖο φανεῖσα
κύματος, ἐξ ὑγροῦ, Κύπρι, σὺ πῦρ τέτοκας.

I

A PLAGUE is Love, a plague! but yet
what profit shall it prove
again and oft again to fret
and cry: *A plague is Love?*

The boy but laughs to hear such news;
chid with a tongue let loose,
enjoys it; and if I abuse,
he thrives upon abuse.

O hither through the green wave sent,
Cypris, I must admire
how thou from that moist element
hast brought to birth a fire!

II

Κηρύσσω τὸν Ἔρωτα, τὸν ἄγριον· ἄρτι γὰρ ἄρτι
ὀρθρινὸς ἐκ κοίτης ᾤχετ' ἀποπτάμενος.
ἔστι δ' ὁ παῖς γλυκύδακρυς, ἀείλαλος, ὠκὺς, ἀθαμβής,
σιμὰ γελῶν, πτερόεις νῶτα, φαρετροφόρος·
πατρὸς δ' οὐκέτ' ἔχω φράζειν τίνος· οὔτε γὰρ Αἰθὴρ,
οὐ Χθών φησι τεκεῖν τὸν θρασὺν, οὐ Πέλαγος·
πάντη γὰρ καὶ πᾶσιν ἀπέχθεται· ἀλλ' ἐσορᾶτε
μή που νῦν ψυχαῖς ἄλλα τίθησι λίνα.
καίτοι κεῖνος ἰδοὺ περὶ φωλεόν· οὔ με λέληθας,
τοξότα, Ζηνοφίλας ὄμμασι κρυπτόμενος.

II

HUE and cry for Love the wild! for early from his bed,
early in the morning hath he taken wing and fled.

Sweet in tears and sly of laughter, dauntless, prattling ever,
swift, with wings upon his back and at his side a quiver.

But the father of the rogue I cannot tell, for Sea,
Earth and Air alike declare: *No son of mine is he.*

For of all he is abhorred in every place; beware
lest he setteth for your souls even now another snare.

See, why at his lair he lies! I have discovered thee,
archer, lurking in the eyes of my Zenophile.

III

Πωλείσθω καὶ ματρὸς ἔτ' ἐν κόλποισι καθεύδων·
πωλείσθω· τί δ' ἐμοὶ τὸ θρασὺ τοῦτο τρέφειν;
καὶ γὰρ σιμὸν ἔφυ καὶ ὑπόπτερον, ἄκρα δ' ὄνυξι
κνίζει, καὶ κλαῖον πολλὰ μεταξὺ γελᾷ·
πρὸς δ' ἔτι λοιπὸν ἄτρεπτον, ἀείλαλον, ὀξὺ δεδορκός,
ἄγριον, οὐδ' αὐτῇ μητρὶ φίλῃ τιθασόν·
πάντα τέρας· τοίγαρ πεπράσεται. εἴ τις ἀπόπλους
ἔμπορος ὠνεῖσθαι παῖδα θέλει, προσίτω.
καίτοι λίσσετ' ἰδοὺ δεδακρυμένος· οὔ σ' ἔτι πωλῶ·
θάρσει· Ζηνοφίλᾳ σύντροφος ὧδε μένε.

III

Let him be sold, though still he sleep
upon his mother's breast!
let him be sold! why should I keep
so turbulent a pest?

For wingéd he was born, he leers,
and sharply with his nails
he scratches, and amid his tears
oft laughs the while he wails.

Withal and further, glances keen
he plies, devoid of shame,
a ceaseless babbler, wild, nor e'en
to his own dear mother tame.

An utter monster: on that ground
sold he shall be to-day:
if any trader outward bound
would buy a boy, this way!

But see, in tears beseecheth he:
nay, thee no more I sell:
fear not, with my Zenophile
remain thou here to dwell.

IV

Ἤδη λευκόιον θάλλει, θάλλει δὲ φίλομβρος
νάρκισσος, θάλλει δ' οὐρεσίφοιτα κρίνα·
ἤδη δ' ἡ φιλέραστος, ἐν ἄνθεσιν ὥριμον ἄνθος,
Ζηνοφίλα Πειθοῦς ἁδὺ τέθηλε ῥόδον.
λειμῶνες, τί μάταια κόμαις ἔπι φαιδρὰ γελᾶτε;
ἃ γὰρ παῖς κρείσσων ἁδυπνόων στεφάνων.

IV

Now bloometh the white violet, now bloom the daffodils
that love the rain, the lilies bloom that ramble o'er the hills.

Now, love's delight, among the flowers the fairest flower that blows,
Zenophile is in her bloom, Enchantment's own sweet rose.

Ye meadows, why so vainly smile for blossoms in the grass,
whenas your fragrant posies all my lady doth surpass?

V

Ἁδὺ μέλος, ναὶ Πᾶνα τὸν Ἀρκάδα, πηκτίδι μέλπεις,
Ζηνοφίλα, ναὶ Πᾶν', ἁδὺ κρέκεις τι μέλος.
ποῖ σε φύγω; πάντη με περιστείχουσιν Ἔρωτες
οὐδ' ὅσον ἀμπνεῦσαι βαιὸν ἐῶσι χρόνον.
ἢ γάρ μοι μορφὰ βάλλει πόθον, ἢ πάλι μοῦσα,
ἢ χάρις, ἢ—τί λέγω; πάντα· πυρὶ φλέγομαι.

V

A LOVELY melody, my sweet, by Pan of Arcady,
thou playest upon thy lyre; by Pan, a lovely melody!

Where shall I fly? on every side about me Loves patrol,
and will not even a breathing-while give rest unto my soul.

For now thy beauty, now thy wit awakes in me desire,
or else thy grace, or else thine—all: I am consumed in fire.

VI

Εὕδεις, Ζηνοφίλα, τρυφερὸν θάλος· εἴθ' ἐπὶ σοὶ νῦν
ἄπτερος εἰσῄειν ὕπνος ἐπὶ βλεφάροις·
ὡς ἐπὶ σοὶ μηδ' οὗτος ὁ καὶ Διὸς ὄμματα θέλγων
φοιτήσαι κάτεχον δ' αὐτὸς ἐγώ σε μόνος.

VI

Zenophile, my tender bloom,
thou sleepest. Oh the guise
of gliding slumber to assume
and enter on thine eyes!

That thereby might not even he
have unto thee access
who lulls the lids of Zeus, but thee
I only might possess.

VII

Τὸ *σκύφος ἁδὺ γέγηθε, λέγει δ' ὅτι τᾶς φιλέρωτος*
ψαύει Ζηνοφίλας τοῦ λαλίου στόματος.
ὄλβιον· εἴθ' ὑπ' ἐμοῖς νῦν χείλεσι χείλεα θεῖσα
ἀπνευστὶ ψυχὰν τὰν ἐν ἐμοὶ προπίοι.

VII

THE cup in bliss rejoiceth much
because, so boasteth he,
'tis his the prattling mouth to touch
of sweet Zenophile.

O happy cup, to be so quaffed!
would she her lips might strain
to my lips now, and at a draught
the soul within me drain!

VIII

Ὀξυβόαι κώνωπες, ἀναιδέες, αἵματος ἀνδρῶν
σίφωνες, νυκτὸς κνώδαλα διπτέρυγα,
βαιὸν Ζηνοφίλαν, λίτομαι, πάρεθ' ἥσυχον ὕπνον
εὐδεῖν, τἀμὰ δ' ἰδοὺ σαρκοφαγεῖτε μέλη.
καίτοι πρὸς τί μάτην αὐδῶ; καὶ θῆρες ἄτεγκτοι
τέρπονται τρυφερῷ χρωτὶ χλιαινόμενοι.
ἀλλ' ἔτι νῦν προλέγω, κακὰ θρέμματα, λήγετε τόλμης,
ἢ γνώσεσθε χερῶν ζηλοτύπων δύναμιν.

VIII

Ho there, you shrilly-sounding gnats, you suckers of men's blood!
ho there, you shameless animals, night's double-wingéd brood!

A little space let quiet sleep Zenophile refresh,
I beg of you, and make, behold, your banquet on my flesh.

Yet why command I thus in vain? even unperceiving beasts
delight upon her tender skin to make their dainty feasts.

But, evil creatures, still I give my warning unto you:
your boldness end, or you shall see what jealous hands can do.

IX

Ἠχήεις τέττιξ, δροσεραῖς σταγόνεσσι μεθυσθεὶς
ἀγρονόμον μέλπεις μοῦσαν ἐρημολάλον.
ἄκρα δ' ἐφέζομενος πετάλοις πριονώδεσι κώλοις
αἰθίοπι κλάζεις χρωτὶ μέλισμα λύρης.
ἀλλά, φίλος, φθέγγου τι νέον δενδρώδεσι Νύμφαις
παίγνιον, ἀντῳδὸν Πανὶ κρέκων κέλαδον,
ὄφρα φυγὼν τὸν Ἔρωτα μεσημβρινὸν ὕπνον ἀγρεύσω
ἐνθάδ' ὑπὸ σκιερῇ κεκλιμένος πλατάνῳ.

IX

Chirrupping grasshopper, drunken with dew-drops,
lonely thou tunest a shrill meadow-lay,
perched upon petals, with legs that are saw-like,
swarthy one, as on a cithern to play.

Friend, sing anew for delight of the tree-nymphs,
answer to Pan with a rivalling strain,
that I, fleeing Love, may get sleep in the noon-tide
here, lying under the shade of the plane.

X

Τί ξένον εἰ βροτολοιγὸς Ἔρως τὰ πυρίπνοα τόξα
βάλλει καὶ λαμυροῖς ὄμμασι πικρὰ γελᾷ;
οὐ μάτηρ στέργει μὲν Ἄρη, γάμετις δὲ τέτυκται
Ἀφαίστου, κοινὰ καὶ πυρὶ καὶ ξίφεσιν;
οὐ ματρὸς μάτηρ ἀνέμων μάστιξι Θάλασσα
τραχὺ βοᾷ; γενέτας δ' οὔτε τίς οὔτε τίνος.
τοὔνεκεν Ἀφαίστου μὲν ἔχει φλόγα κύμασι δ' ὀργὰν
στέρξεν ἴσαν Ἄρεως δ' αἱματόφυρτα βέλη.

X

WHAT wonder if destroying Love flame-breathing arrows plies?
what if he laugheth bitterly with wanton-looking eyes?

His mother, is she not in love with Ares? and for lord
Hephaestus hath she not? allied with fire alike and sword.

Doth not his mother's mother, Sea, in tempest harshly groan
under the scourge? but who his sire, or whence, are neither known.

So from Hephaestus flame hath he, and billow-like the mood
he loveth; even as Ares, fond of arrows blood-embrued.

XI

Καὐτὸς Ἔρως ὁ πτηνὸς ἐν αἰθέρι δέσμιος ἦλω
ἀγρευθεὶς τοῖς σοῖς ὄμμασι, Τιμάριον.

XI

Even wingéd Love was captured in the skies,
Timarion, being snaréd by thine eyes.

XII

Ἰξὸν ἔχεις τὸ φίλημα, τὰ δ' ὄμματα, Τιμάριον, πῦρ·
ἢν ἐσίδῃς, καίεις· ἢν δὲ θίγῃς, δέδεκας.

XII

THINE eyes are fire, Timarion,
thy kiss a liméd lure;
thou kindlest whom thou look'st upon,
whom touchest, hast him sure.

XIII

Τρισσαὶ μὲν Χάριτες, τρεῖς δὲ γλυκυπάρθενοι Ὧραι,
τρεῖς δ' ἐμὲ θηλυμανεῖς οἰστροβολοῦσι πόθοι.
ἦ γάρ τοι τρία τόξα κατείρυσεν, ὡς ἄρα μέλλων
οὐχὶ μίαν τρώσειν, τρεῖς δ' ἐν ἐμοὶ κραδίας.

XIII

THE Graces three in number are, the maiden Seasons three,
and three the woman-mad desires that do enfrenzy me.

For sure upon three bows he hath drawn tight three several darts,
as not one heart alone to pierce within me, but three hearts!

XIV

Ναὶ τὰν Κύπριν, Ἔρως, φλέξω τὰ σὰ πάντα πυρώσας,
τόξα τε καὶ Σκυθικὴν ἰοδόκον φαρέτρην·
φλέξω ναὶ—τί μάταια γελᾷς καὶ σιμὰ σεσηρὼς
μυχθίζεις; τάχα που σαρδάνιον γελάσεις.
ἦ γάρ σευ τὰ ποδηγὰ Πόθων ὠκύπτερα κόψας
χαλκόδετον σφίγξω σοῖς περὶ ποσσὶ πέδην.
καίτοι Καδμεῖον κράτος οἴσομεν εἴ σε πάροικον
ψυχῇ συζεύξω, λύγκα παρ' αἰπολίοις.
ἀλλ' ἴθι, δυσνίκητε, λαβὼν δ' ἔπι κοῦφα πέδιλα
ἐκπέτασον ταχινὰς εἰς ἑτέρους πτέρυγας.

XIV

Love, in the flames thine all, I swear by Cypris, I will burn,
thy bow and Scythian quiver filled with arrows each in turn.

I will, by—why so idly laugh? with sneer so mocking why
make mouths at me? too soon wilt thou be laughing all awry.

Thy plumes, the leaders of Desires, I verily will dock,
and brazen fetters in their stead about thine ankles lock.

Yet sure Cadmean then would be the triumph I should reap,
to join thee neighbour to my soul, a wolf among the sheep!

Away, invincible, away! light sandals take beside,
and spread against another foe thy speedy pinions wide!

XV

Φαμί ποτ' ἐν μύθοις τὰν εὔλαλον Ἡλιοδώραν
νικάσειν αὐτὰς τὰς Χάριτας χάρισιν.

XV

Soon Heliodora with her prattle sweet
in graces even the Graces will defeat.

XVI

Ψυχὴ δυσδάκρυτε, τί σοὶ τὸ πεπανθὲν Ἔρωτος
τραῦμα διὰ στέρνων αὖθις ἀναφλέγεται ;
μὴ μὴ πρός σε Διός, μὴ πρὸς Διός, ὦ φιλάβουλε,
κινήσῃς τέφρᾳ πῦρ ὑπολαμπόμενον.
αὐτίκα γάρ, λήθαργε κακῶν, πάλιν εἴ σε φυγοῦσαν
λήψετ' Ἔρως, εὑρὼν δράπετιν αἰκίσεται.

XVI

Ah tearful soul, why sufferest
again to be inflamed
the wound of Love within thy breast
that was but lately tamed?

Nay nay, be not, in heaven's name,
in heaven's name, so rash,
foolhardy one, to stir the flame
now smouldering under ash!

For, heedless thou of all past ill,
if flown another day
Love finds thee, soon as caught he will
chastise his runaway.

XVII

Ναὶ τὸν Ἔρωτα θέλω τὸ παρ' οὔασιν Ἡλιοδώρας
φθέγμα κλύειν ἢ τᾶς Λατοίδεω κιθάρας.

XVII

By Love, Apollo's harp I would not hear
as Heliodora's whisper in mine ear!

XVIII

Αἰεί μοι δινεῖ μὲν ἐν οὔασιν ἦχος Ἔρωτος,
ὄμμα δὲ σῖγα Πόθοις τὸ γλυκὺ δάκρυ φέρει·
οὐδ' ἡ νύξ, οὐ φέγγος ἐκοίμισεν, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ φίλτρων
ἤδη που κραδίᾳ γνωστὸς ἔνεστι τύπος.
ὦ πτανοί, μὴ καί ποτ' ἐφίπτασθαι μέν, Ἔρωτες,
οἴδατ', ἀποπτῆναι δ' οὐδ' ὅσον ἰσχύετε;

XVIII

THE sound of Love dins ever in mine ears;
silent mine eyes to Longing bear sweet tears:
nor night nor dawn allays them: in my breast
philtres have one familiar form imprest.
O wingéd Loves, can ye fly hither then
without even strength to fly away again?

XIX

Ἐντὸς ἐμῆς κραδίης τὰν εὔλαλον Ἡλιοδώραν
ψυχὴν τῆς ψυχῆς αὐτὸς ἔπλασσεν Ἔρως.

XIX

WITHIN my heart the sweetly-prattling maid,
soul of my soul, hath Love himself portrayed.

XX

Οὔ σοι ταῦτ' ἐβόων, ψυχή· Ναὶ Κύπριν, ἁλώσει,
ὦ δύσερως, ἰξῷ πολλὰ προσιπταμένη ;
οὐκ ἐβόων ; εἶλέν σε παγή· τί μάτην ἐνὶ δεσμοῖς
σπαίρεις ; αὐτὸς Ἔρως τὰ πτερά σου δέδεκεν·
καί σ' ἐπὶ πῦρ ἔστησε, μύροις δ' ἔρραινε λιπόπνουν,
δῶκε δὲ διψώσῃ δάκρυα θερμὰ πιεῖν.
ἆ ψυχὴ βαρύμοχθε, σὺ δ' ἄρτι μὲν ἐκ πυρὸς αἴθῃ,
ἄρτι δ' ἀναψύχεις πνεῦμ' ἀναλεξαμένη.
τί κλαίεις ; τὸν ἄτεγκτον ὅτ' ἐν κόλποισιν Ἔρωτα
ἔτρεφες, οὐκ ᾔδεις ὡς ἐπὶ σοὶ τρέφετο ;
οὐκ ᾔδεις ; νῦν γνῶθι καλῶν ἄλλαγμα τροφείων,
πῦρ ἅμα καὶ ψυχρὰν δεξαμένη χιόνα.
αὐτὴ ταῦθ' εἵλου· φέρε τὸν πόνον· ἄξια πάσχεις
ὧν ἔδρας, ὀπτῷ καιομένη μέλιτι.

XX

CRIED I not so to thee, my soul : *Thou wilt be caught, I swear,*
O lovesick one, if hovering oft around the liméd snare?

I cried. The trap has taken thee. Why dost thou writhe in vain
within thy bonds? 'tis Love himself hath bound thy wings amain;

Set thee on flames, bedewed thy brows with myrrh when thou didst sink,
and when thou thirstedst unto thee gave scalding tears to drink.

So now in fire thou witherest, O soul in heavy pain,
and now, recovering thy breath, thou growest cold again.

Why weepest thou? when heartless Love thou nourishedst at first
within thy bosom, knew'st thou not against thee he was nursed?

Knewest thou not? the recompense for thy kind nurture know,
receiving in thy heart at once both fire and freezing snow.

'Twas thine own choice. Endure the pain. Thy wages thou hast earned,
and sufferest fitly for thy fault, in boiling honey burned.

XXI

Βεβλήσθω κύβος· ἅπτε· πορεύσομαι· ἠνίδε τόλμα.
Οἰνοβαρές, τίν' ἔχεις φροντίδα; Κωμάσομαι.
Κωμάσομαι; ποῖ, θυμέ, τρέπῃ; Τί δ' Ἔρωτι λογισμός;
ἅπτε τάχος. Ποῦ δ' ἡ πρόσθε λόγων μελέτη;
Ἐρρίφθω σοφίας ὁ πολὺς πόνος· ἓν μόνον οἶδα
τοῦθ', ὅτι καὶ Ζηνὸς λῆμα καθεῖλεν Ἔρως.

XXI

Try the hazard!—light torches! I'll go! come, be bold!
Thou drunkard, what meanest? A revel I'll hold.
A revel? Mind, whither? What's logic to Love?
quick, a torch! *Our long reasoning, vain shall it prove?*
Away with the labour of wisdom! I know
this only, that Zeus too by Love was brought low.

XXII

Οἴσω ναὶ μὰ σέ, Βάκχε, τὸ σὸν θράσος· ἀγέο, κώμων
ἄρχε, θεὸς θνατὰν ἀνιόχει κραδίαν·
ἐν πυρὶ γενναθεὶς στέργεις φλόγα τὰν ἐν ἔρωτι,
καί με πάλιν δήσας τὸν σὸν ἄγεις ἱκέτην.
ἃ προδότας καὶ ἄπιστος ἔφυς· τεὰ δ' ὄργια κρύπτειν
αὐδῶν ἐκφαίνειν τἀμὰ σὺ νῦν ἐθέλεις.

XXII

Bacchus, by thyself I swear,
thy spite I'll bear:
lead on, thou lord of revels, ride
a god my mortal will to guide!

Born in fire, thou dost approve
the flame of love,
and again thou bringest me
bound, in homage unto thee.

Oh a traitor is thy heart,
untrue thou art!
bidding thy mysteries conceal,
now thou wouldest mine reveal.

XXIII

Ἔγχει τᾶς Πειθοῦς καὶ Κύπριδος Ἡλιοδώρας,
καὶ πάλι τᾶς αὐτᾶς ἀδυλόγου Χάριτος·
αὐτὰ γὰρ μί' ἐμοὶ γράφεται θεὸς ἃς τὸ ποθεινὸν
οὔνομ' ἐν ἀκρήτῳ συγκεράσας πίομαι.

XXIII

FILL, to Enchantment and to Love in Heliodora's name!
fill, to the sweetly-speaking Grace, again, again the same!

For she my only goddess is whose name, whereon I think,
with my pure draught of offering I mingle ere I drink.

XXIV

Πλέξω λευκόιον, πλέξω δ' ἀπαλὴν ἅμα μύρτοις
νάρκισσον, πλέξω καὶ τὰ γελῶντα κρίνα·
πλέξω καὶ κρόκον ἡδύν, ἐπιπλέξω δ' ὑάκινθον
πορφυρέην, πλέξω καὶ φιλέραστα ῥόδα·
ὡς ἂν ἐπὶ κροτάφοις μυροβοστρύχου Ἡλιοδώρας
εὐπλόκαμον χαίτην ἀνθοβολῇ στέφανος.

XXIV

White violets I'll twine;
the tender daffodilly
with myrtles I'll entwine;
I'll twine the laughing lily.

I'll twine sweet crocus too;
I'll twine among my posies
dark hyacinth for blue;
I'll twine the lover's roses.

That thrown my lady's head
of myrrhy tresses over
a wreath with blossom shed
her lovely locks may cover.

XXV

Ὁ στέφανος περὶ κρατὶ μαραίνεται Ἡλιοδώρας·
αὐτὴ δ' ἐκλάμπει τοῦ στεφάνου στέφανος.

XXV

On Heliodora's brow the garland pines,
but she the garland of the garland shines.

XXVI

Σφαιριστὰν τὸν Ἔρωτα τρέφω· σοὶ δ', Ἡλιοδώρα,
βάλλει τὰν ἐν ἐμοὶ παλλομέναν κραδίαν.
ἀλλ' ἄγε συμπαίκταν δέξαι Πόθον· εἰ δ' ἀπὸ σεῦ με
ῥίψαις, οὐκ οἴσω τὰν ἀπάλαιστρον ὕβριν.

XXVI

Love with me as a ball-player I keep, that unto thee,
O Heliodora, throws the heart that boundeth up in me.

Come take Desire for playfellow and straight return Love's aim,
or I'll not brook the haughtiness that cannot play the game.

XXVII

Ἅρπασται· τίς τόσσον ἂν αἰχμάσαι ἄγριος εἴη,
τίς τόσον, αἴρεσθαι καὶ πρὸς Ἔρωτα μάχην;
ἅπτε τάχος πεύκας· καίτοι κτύπος Ἡλιοδώρας·
βαῖνε πάλιν στέρνων ἐντὸς ἐμῶν, κραδία.

XXVII

She's stolen! who dauntless enough to give battle,
who fierce enough, war against Love to declare?
light the torches at once!—but that rustle and rattle—
back into my breast again, heart! she is there!

XXVIII

Ἀνθοδίαιτε μέλισσα, τί μοι χροὸς Ἡλιοδώρας
ψαύεις ἐκπρολιποῦσ' εἰαρινὰς κάλυκας ;
ἦ σύ γε μηνύεις ὅτι καὶ γλυκὺ καὶ δυσύποιστον
πικρὸν ἀεὶ κραδίᾳ κέντρον Ἔρωτος ἔχει ;
ναὶ δοκέω, τοῦτ' εἶπας. ἰὼ φιλέραστε, παλίμπους
στεῖχε· πάλαι τὴν σὴν οἴδαμεν ἀγγελίην.

XXVIII

Tell me, flower-pastured bee, why thus the buds of spring
forsaking, Heliodora's cheek thou brushest with thy wing?

Dost thou signify that there, with sweetness and with smart
both laden, dwells a sting of love aye bitter to the heart?

Yes, methinks, 'tis this thou say'st: go, friend of lovers, go,
return upon thy path—I knew thy message long ago.

XXIX

Ἔγχει καὶ πάλιν εἰπέ, πάλιν, πάλιν, Ἡλιοδώρας·
εἰπέ, σὺν ἀκρήτῳ τὸ γλυκὺ μίσγ᾽ ὄνομα·
καί μοι τὸν βρεχθέντα μύροις καὶ χθιζὸν ἐόντα
μναμόσυνον κείνας ἀμφιτίθει στέφανον.
δακρύει φιλέραστον ἰδοὺ ῥόδον οὕνεκα κείναν
ἄλλοθι κοὐ κόλποις ἁμετέροις ἐσορᾷ.

XXIX

Fill up! to Heliodora mine
again, again, again!
mixed with the pure unblended wine
her sweet name let me drain!

Bring me the wreath of yesterday
that drippeth still with myrrh,
and throw it round my brows, I pray,
in memory of her!

Ah see, the rose, love's favourer,
is weeping, sore distrest,
because elsewhere it seeth her,
and not upon my breast.

XXX

Λίσσομ᾽ Ἔρως τὸν ἄγρυπνον ἐμοὶ πόθον Ἡλιοδώρας
κοιμίσον αἰδεσθεὶς μοῦσαν ἐμὰν ἵκετιν.
ναὶ γὰρ δὴ τὰ σὰ τόξα, τὰ μὴ δεδιδαγμένα βάλλειν
ἄλλον, ἀεὶ δ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἐμοὶ πτηνὰ χέοντα βέλη,
εἰ καί με κτείναις, λείψω φωνεῦντ᾽ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
γράμματ᾽· ἔρωτος ὅρα, ξεῖνε, μιαιφονίην.

XXX

Love, prithee spurn thou not my Muse that kneeleth at thy feet,
but lull my still-awake desire for Heliodora sweet.

For by thy bow, that has not learnt to aim at other hearts
but without end at mine alone to pour its wingéd darts,

If thou shouldst kill me, I will leave engraved my tomb above
a legend saying: *Stranger, see the murderousness of Love.*

XXXI

Ὦ νύξ, ὦ φιλάγρυπνος ἐμοὶ πόθος Ἡλιοδώρας,
καὶ σκολιῶν ὄρθρων κνίσματα δακρυχαρῆ,
ἆρα μένει στοργῆς ἐμὰ λείψανα, καὶ τὸ φίλημα
μναμόσυνον ψυχρᾷ θάλπετ' ἐν εἰκασίᾳ;
ἆρά γ' ἔχει σύγκοιτα τὰ δάκρυα, κἀμὸν ὄνειρον
ψυχαπάτην στέρνοις ἀμφιβαλοῦσα φιλεῖ;
ἢ νέος ἄλλος ἔρως, νέα παίγνια; μήποτε, λύχνε,
ταῦτ' ἐσίδῃς, εἴῃς δ' ἧς παρέδωκα φύλαξ.

XXXI

O NIGHT, O vigilant desire for Heliodora dear!
O tortures of the crabbéd morns whose joy is in my tear!

Remaineth aught for me of love? and in cold phantasy
doth yet my kiss abide with her still warm in memory?

And oh, are tears her bedfellows? and doth she clasp and kiss
upon her breast my dreaméd form that cheats her soul of bliss?

Or some new love and new delights—? ah, never brook to see
the like, O lamp, but be her guard with whom I chargéd thee.

XXXII

'Ακρίς, ἐμῶν ἀπάτημα πόθων, παραμύθιον ὕπνου,
ἀκρίς, ἀρουραίη Μοῦσα, λιγυπτέρυγε,
αὐτοφυὲς μίμημα λύρας, κρέκε μοί τι ποθεινὸν,
ἐγκρούουσα φίλοις ποσσὶ λάλους πτέρυγας,
ὥς με πόνων ῥύσαιο παναγρύπνοιο μερίμνης,
ἀκρί, μιτωσαμένη φθόγγον ἐρωτοπλάνον·
δῶρα δέ σοι γήτειον ἀειθαλὲς ὀρθρινὰ δώσω
καὶ δροσερὰς στόματι σχιζομένας ψακάδας.

XXXII

Cicala, bringer on of sleep, deceiver of my pain,
cicala, meadow-muse of tuneful wing,
Nature's own mimic of the lyre, come strike a charming strain,
with thine own feet thy shrill wings battering.

To free me from the miseries of ever-wakeful care,
the woof of love-beguiling sound renew;
and unto thee, as morning gifts, leeks ever-green I'll bear,
and for thy mouth divided drops of dew.

XXXIII

Δάκρυά σοι καὶ νέρθε διὰ χθονὸς, Ἡλιοδώρα,
δωροῦμαι, στοργᾶς λείψανον εἰς Ἀίδαν,
δάκρυα δυσδάκρυτα· πολυκλαύτῳ δ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
σπένδω μνᾶμα πόθων μνᾶμα φιλοφροσύνας.
οἰκτρὰ γάρ, οἰκτρὰ φίλαν σε καὶ ἐν φθίμενοις Μελέαγρος
αἰάζω, κενεὰν εἰς Ἀχέροντα χάριν·
αἰαῖ ποῦ τὸ ποθεινὸν ἐμοὶ θάλος; ἄρπασεν Ἅιδης,
ἄρπασεν· ἀκμαῖον δ' ἄνθος ἔφυρε κόνις.
ἀλλά σε γουνοῦμαι, Γᾶ παντρόφε, τὰν πανόδυρτον
ἠρέμα σοῖς κόλποις, μᾶτερ, ἐναγκαλίσαι.

XXXIII

Tears, Heliodora, tears to thee,
deep down the earth beneath,
I offer, of my constancy
a remnant unto Death;

Tears, bitter tears; a sacrifice,
thy woeful tomb above,
pouring in token of my sighs,
in token of my love.

Yea, sorely, sorely so for thee,
still dear, though with the worn,
vain tribute for Mortality,
doth Meleager mourn:

Ah me, where is my darling bud?
the Grave hath ravished it,
hath ravished it; the dust hath strewed
my blooming floweret.

O fostering Earth, I pray of thee
that her, my grief untold,
unto thy bosom tenderly
thou, Mother, wilt enfold.

XXXIV

Οἰκτρότατον μάτηρ σε, Χαρίξενε, δῶρον ἐς Ἄιδαν
ὀκτωκαιδεκέταν ἐστόλισε χλαμύδι·
ἦ γὰρ δὴ καὶ πέτρος ἂν ἔστενεν ἀνίκ' ἀπ' οἴκων
ἄλικες οἰμωγᾷ σὸν νέκυν ἀχθοφόρευν,
πένθος δ', οὐχ ὑμέναιον, ἀνωρύοντο γονῆες,
αἰαῖ τὰς μαστῶν ψευδομένας χάριτας,
καὶ κενεὰς ὠδῖνας· ἰὼ κακοπάρθενε Μοῖρα,
στεῖρα γόνας στοργὰν ἔπτυσας εἰς ἀνέμους.

XXXIV

A GIFT most piteous in thy mantle's fold
unto the grave
thee, O Charixenus, eighteen years old,
thy mother gave.

Even a stone had wept upon the day
when from thy door
forth with lament the burden of thy clay
thy fellows bore,

And loud thy parents wailed for misery,
not marriage blest,
alas, the disappointed charity,
of mother's breast,

Alas, the empty travail!—ah, too stern
virgin above,
unto the winds, thou barren Fate, to spurn
a parent's love!

XXXV

Οὐ Γάμον ἀλλ' Ἀίδαν ἐπινυμφίδιον Κλεαρίστα
δέξατο παρθενίας ἄμματα λυομένα·
ἄρτι γὰρ ἑσπέριοι νύμφας ἐπὶ δικλίσιν ἄχευν
λωτοὶ καὶ θαλάμων ἐπλαταγεῦντο θύραι·
ἠῶοι δ' ὀλολυγμὸν ἀνέκραγον, ἐκ δ' ὑμέναιος
σιγαθεὶς γοερὸν φθέγμα μεθαρμόσατο·
αἱ δ' αὐταὶ καὶ φέγγος ἐδαδούχευν περὶ παστῷ
πεῦκαι καὶ φθιμένᾳ νέρθεν ἔφαινον ὁδόν.

XXXV

Not Marriage Clearista won to wait upon her wedding
but Death, when she unloosed the zone of her virginity:
for late the pipes at eventide were at her portal shedding
their music, and her chamber-doors resounded noisily;

And early on the morrow they raised a note of sorrow,
the bridal-chorus quieted became a chant of woe;
and so the self-same torches about her bower's porches
gave shine and for her perishéd lit up the path below.

XXXVI

εἰς τὰς λυκαμβίδας

Δεξιτερὴν Ἀίδαο θεοῦ χέρα καὶ τὰ κελαινὰ
ὄμνυμεν ἀῤῥήτου δέμνια Περσεφόνης,
παρθένοι ὡς ἔτυμον καὶ ὑπὸ χθονί· πολλὰ δ' ὁ πικρὸς
αἰσχρὰ καθ' ἡμετέρης ἔβλυσε παρθενίης
Ἀρχίλοχος· ἐπέων δὲ καλὴν φάτιν οὐκ ἐπὶ καλὰ
ἔργα γυναικεῖον δ' ἔτραπεν εἰς πόλεμον.
Πιερίδες, τί κόρῃσιν ἐφ' ὑβριστῆρας ἰάμβους
ἔτραπετ', οὐχ ὁσίῳ φωτὶ χαριζόμεναι;

XXXVI

THE DAUGHTERS OF LYCAMBES

By the right hand of Hades, lord of death,
and the dark couch of dread Persephone,
virgin indeed are we, even earth beneath;
but slanders oft on our virginity
poured harsh Archilochus, to no fair use
his fair speech but on woman-war bestowing:
Muses, the sharp lampoon why let ye loose
on maids, to one impure your favour showing?

πλημμυρέω = overflow
πλημμυρίς ἡ = flood tide.

XXXVII

Τανταλὶ παῖ, Νιόβα, κλυ᾽ ἐμὰν φάτιν, ἄγγελον ἄτας·
δέξαι σῶν ἀχέων οἰκτροτάταν λαλιάν.
λῦε κόμας ἀνάδεσμον, ἰὼ βαρυπενθέσι Φοίβου
γειναμένα τόξοις ἀρσενόπαιδα γόνον·
οὔ σοι παῖδες ἔτ᾽ εἰσίν. ἄταρ τί τόδ᾽ ἄλλο; τί λεύσσω;
αἰαῖ πλημυρρεῖ παρθενικαῖσι φόνος.
ἃ μὲν γὰρ ματρὸς περὶ γούνασιν, ἃ δ᾽ ἐνὶ κόλποις
κέκλιται, ἃ δ᾽ ἐπὶ γᾶς, ἃ δ᾽ ἐπιμαστίδιος·
ἄλλα δ᾽ ἀντωπὸν θαμβεῖ βέλος· ἃ δ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ὀιστοῖς
πτώσσει· τᾶς δ᾽ ἔμπνουν ὄμμ᾽ ἔτι φῶς ὁράᾳ.
ἃ δὲ λάλον στέρξασα πάλαι στόμα νῦν ὑπὸ θάμβευς
μάτηρ σαρκοπαγὴς οἷα πέπηγε λίθος.

XXXVII

HEAR, Niobe, my voice that brings the tidings of distress
receive the lamentable tale of thine unhappiness.

Unloose the binding of thy brows, who thy male progeny
hast borne unto a grievous doom, Apollo's archery.

Thy boys, they are no more—but lo, what fate is this beside?
what see I here? ah me, with blood of maidens flows a tide!

For one is at her mother's knees, one to her bosom prest;
another lies upon the ground, another at the breast:

One stares at the confronting bolt; one at the arrow-flight
crouches; another's living eye yet looks upon the light.

And she, the mother, who did erst lips never-silent own,
doth now stand fixed in her dismay like some incarnate stone.

XXXVIII

εἰς τὸ ἔαρ

Χείματος ἠνεμόεντος ἀπ' αἰθέρος οἰχομένοιο
πορφυρέη μείδησε φερανθέος εἴαρος ὥρη·
γαῖα δὲ κυανέῃ χλοερὴν ἐστέψατο ποίην
καὶ φυτὰ θηλήσαντα νέοις ἐκόμησε πετήλοις.
οἱ δ' ἀπαλὴν πίνοντες ἀεξιφύτου δρόσον Ἠοῦς
λειμῶνες γελόωσιν ἀνοιγομένοιο ῥόδοιο·
χαίρει καὶ σύριγγι νομεὺς ἐν ὄρεσσι λιγαίνων,
καὶ πολιοῖς ἐρίφοις ἐπιτέρπεται αἰπόλος αἰγῶν.
ἤδη δὲ πλώουσιν ἐπ' εὐρέα κύματα ναῦται
πνοιῇ ἀπημάντῳ Ζεφύρου λίνα κολπώσαντος·
ἤδη δ' εὐάζουσι φερεσταφύλῳ Διονύσῳ
ἄνθει βοτρυόεντος ἐρεψάμενοι τρίχα κισσοῦ.
ἔργα δὲ τεχνήεντα βοηγενέεσσι μελίσσαις
καλὰ μέλει, καὶ σίμβλῳ ἐφήμεναι ἐργάζονται
λευκὰ πολυτρήτοιο νεόῤῥυτα κάλλεα κηροῦ.
πάντη δ' ὀρνίθων γενεὴ λιγύφωνον ἀείδει,
ἀλκυόνες περὶ κῦμα, χελιδόνες ἀμφὶ μέλαθρα,
κύκνος ἐπ' ὄχθαισιν ποταμοῦ καὶ ὑπ' ἄλσος ἀηδών.
εἰ δὲ φυτῶν χαίρουσι κόμαι, καὶ γαῖα τέθηλεν,
συρίζει δὲ νομεύς, καὶ τέρπεται εὔποκα μῆλα,
καὶ ναῦται πλώουσι, Διώνυσος δὲ χορεύει,
καὶ μέλπει πετεηνά, καὶ ὠδίνουσι μέλισσαι,
πῶς οὐ χρὴ καὶ ἀοιδὸν ἐν εἴαρι καλὸν ἀεῖσαι;

XXXVIII

SPRING

As soon as windy Winter was gone from the sky,
out smiled the sunny season of flower-bearing Spring:
the dark earth of green grass a coronal put on,
and sucking scions burgeoned with petals all anew.
And now the meadows drinking the tender dew of Dawn,
their foster-mother, laugh with the opening of the rose.
The shepherd in the mountains pipes gaily on his reed,
and in the white kids of the goats the goatherd takes delight.
Now on the ocean-billows the sailors are afloat,
outbosoming their canvas the Zephyr's harmless breath.
To clustered Dionysus men sing their praises now,
with berried ivy's blossom engarlanding their hair.
Now with their cunning duties the kine-engendered bees
are busy, and within the hive do seated labour out
the white, liquid treasures of the often-piercéd comb.
The tribe of birds with voices clear are singing everywhere,
the kingfisher about the wave, the swallow round the roof,
the swan upon the river-banks, the nightingale in wood.
Then if green leaves are merry, and earth is all in bloom,
and if the shepherd pipeth, and fleecy flocks delight,
if Dionysus danceth, and sailors are afloat,
if chant the feathered creatures, and bees are travailing,
how should not in the spring-time the poet sweetly sing?

XXXIX

Αὐτὸς ὁ βοῦς ἱκέτης ἐπιβώμιος, αἰθέριε Ζεῦ,
μυκᾶται, ψυχὰν ῥυόμενος θανάτου.
ἀλλὰ μέθες, Κρονίδη, τὸν ἀροτρέα· καὶ σὺ γὰρ αὐτὸς
πορθμεὺς Εὐρώπης ταῦρος, ἄναξ, ἐγένου.

XXXIX

THE ox himself, O Zeus in heaven, is lowing at thine altar
in supplication unto thee to save him from his doom:
O son of Cronos, loose, I pray, the plougher from the halter,
for thou to bear Europa didst thyself a bull become.

XL

Τίς τάδε μοι θηητὰ περὶ θριγκοῖσιν ἀνῆψε
σκῦλα, παναισχίστην τέρψιν Ἐνυαλίου;
οὔτε γὰρ αἰγανέαι περιαγέες οὔτε τι πήληξ
ἄλλοφος οὔτε φόνῳ χρανθὲν ἄρηρε σάκος·
ἀλλ' αὔτως γανόωντα καὶ ἀστυφέλικτα σιδάρῳ,
οἷά περ οὐκ ἐνοπᾶς ἀλλὰ χορῶν ἔναρα.
οἷς θάλαμον κοσμεῖτε γαμήλιον· ὅπλα δὲ λύθρῳ
λειβόμενα βροτέῳ σηκὸς Ἄρηος ἔχοι.

XL

Who was it hung gay spoils to me
about my temple thus,
a gift of high indignity
to Enyalius?

Here are no spears of splintered wood,
no crestless helm is here;
no buckler here befouled with blood
doth on my wall appear.

Unbuffeted by sword or lance
are these, but virgin-bright,
liker to trophies of the dance
than trophies of the fight.

Go, wedding-chambers ornament
with weapons free from speck;
let arms with human gore besprent
the shrine of Ares deck!

XLI

Εἰπὲ Λυκαινίδι, Δορκάς· Ἴδ' ὡς ἐπίτηκτα φιλοῦσα
ἥλως· οὐ κρύπτει πλαστὸν ἔρωτα χρόνος·
ἄγγειλον τάδε, Δορκάς· ἰδοὺ πάλι δεύτερον αὐτῇ
καὶ τρίτον ἄγγειλον, Δορκάς, ἅπαντα· τρέχε.
μηκέτι μέλλε, πέτου—βραχύ μοι, βραχύ, Δορκάς, ἐπίσχες·
Δορκάς, ποῖ σπεύδεις, πρίν σε τὰ πάντα μαθεῖν;
πρόσθες δ' οἷς εἴρηκα πάλαι—μᾶλλον δ' ὅτι—ληρῶ·
μηδὲν ὅλως εἴπῃς—ἀλλ' ὅτι—πάντα λέγε.
μὴ φείδου τάδε πάντα λέγειν—καίτοι τί σε, Δορκάς,
ἐκπέμπω, σὺν σοὶ καὐτὸς ἰδοὺ προάγων;

XLI

Dorcas, say to Lycaenis: *See, hypocrite prove*
thy kisses! time hides not a counterfeit love.

Take, Dorcas, this message; again to her say,
say again to her all of it, Dorcas; away!

Nay, loiter not, fly!—stop a moment, attend!
Dorcas, whither so fast before hearing the end?

To my first message add that—or rather, that—well,
say nothing at all—but that—all of it tell!

Refrain not from telling her all—but why so
am I sending you, Dorcas, when with you I go?

XLII

Παμμῆτορ Γῆ, χαῖρε· σὺ τὸν πάρος οὐ βαρὺν εἰς σὲ
Αἰσιγένην καὐτὴ νῦν ἐπέχοις ἀβαρής.

XLII

Hail, Mother Earth! Aesigenes,
that erst was unto thee
not heavy, now in turn may'st please
to press not heavily.

XLIII

Ἁ φίλερως χαροποῖς Ἀσκληπιὰς οἷα γαλήνης
ὄμμασι συμπείθει πάντας ἐρωτοπλοεῖν.

XLIII

Asclepias, that amorous maid,
even as Calm at sea,
doth all by her bright eyes persuade
love-mariners to be.

XLIV

Τὴν πυρὶ νηχομένην ψυχὴν ἂν πολλάκι καίῃς,
φεύξετ', Ἔρως· καὐτὴ, σχέτλι', ἔχει πτέρυγας.

XLIV

My soul that swims in fire forbear,
O Love, to burn so oft;
she too hath wings, thou wretch! beware,
or she will fly aloft.

XLV

Τὸν ταχύπουν ἔτι παῖδα συναρπασθέντα τεκούσης
ἄρτι μ' ἀπὸ στέρνων οὐατόεντα λαγὼν
ἐν κόλποις στέργουσα διέτρεφεν ἁ γλυκερόχρως
Φανίον, εἰαρινοῖς ἄνθεσι βοσκόμενον·
οὐδέ με μητρὸς ἔτ' εἶχε πόθος· θνήσκω δ' ὑπὸ θοίνης
ἀπλήστου, πολλῇ δαιτὶ παχυνόμενος.
καί μου πρὸς κλισίαις κρύψεν νέκυν, ὡς ἐν ὀνείροις
αἰὲν ὁρᾶν κοίτης γειτονέοντα τάφον.

XLV

From my mother's breast forlorn
I, the swift of foot, was torn
lately, but an infant yet,
a long-earéd leveret.
Tender Phanion lovingly
with kind keeping cherished me
in her bosom, banquetting
on the blossoms of the spring:
and no longer then I sighed
for my mother; but I died
from a feast unlimited,
being on too much plenty fed.
And my corpse by her bedside
in her chamber she did hide,
so in dreams my tomb to spy
to her couch for ever nigh.

XLVI

Κεῖμαι· λὰξ ἐπίβαινε κατ᾽ αὐχένος, ἄγριε δαῖμον·
οἶδά σε, ναὶ μὰ θεούς, καὶ βαρὺν ὄντα φέρειν·
οἶδα καὶ ἔμπυρα τόξα· βαλὼν δ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἐμὴν φρένα πυρσοὺς
οὐ φλέξεις· ἤδη πᾶσα γάρ ἐστι τέφρη.

XLVI

Low lie I: tread upon my head,
thou cruel Power! I swear
by heaven above, I know thee, Love,
though hard thou art to bear;

Thy fiery bow full well I know:
but at my heart if thou
shouldst hurl a torch, it will not scorch,
for all is ashes now.

XLVII

Εὔφορτοι νᾶες πελαγίτιδες, αἳ πόρον Ἕλλας
πλεῖτε, καλὸν κόλποις δεξάμεναι Βορέαν,
ἦν που ἐπ᾽ ἠιόνων Κῷαν κατὰ νᾶσον ἴδητε
Φανίον ἐς χαροπὸν δερκομέναν πέλαγος,
τοῦτ᾽ ἔπος ἀγγείλασθε· καλὴ νυέ, σός με κομίζει
ἵμερος οὐ ναύταν ποσσὶ δὲ πεζοπόρον
εἰ γὰρ τοῦτ᾽ εἴποιτ᾽ εὖ στέλλοισθ᾽ αὐτίκα καὶ Ζεὺς
οὔριος ὑμετέρας πνεύσεται εἰς ὀθόνας.

XLVII

Trim ships of ocean, o'er the way
of Helle sailing forth,
while in your swelling bosoms play
fair breezes of the North,

When passing by the Coan strand,
if anywhere you sight
Phanion gazing from the land
upon the ocean bright,

Deliver unto her this word:
Fair damsel, yearning sweet
for thee conveys me, not aboard
but faring on my feet.

And if ye render this my tale
then cheerly may you go,
and Zeus with favourable gale
shall on your canvas blow.

XLVIII

Ματρὸς ἔτ' ἐν κόλποισιν ὁ νήπιος ὀρθρινὰ παίζων
ἀστραγάλοις τοὐμὸν πνεῦμ' ἐκύβευσεν Ἔρως.

XLVIII

When, at his mother's bosom yet,
Love, soon as night was past,
played knuckle-bones, the infant set
my soul upon the cast.

XLIX

Νᾶσος ἐμὰ θρέπτειρα Τύρος· πάτρα δέ με τεκνοῖ
Ἀτθὶς ἐν Ἀσσυρίοις ναιομένα, Γάδαρα·
Εὐκράτεω δ' ἔβλαστον ὁ σὺν Μούσαις Μελέαγρος
πρῶτα Μενιππείοις συντροχάσας Χάρισιν.
εἰ δὲ Σύρος, τί τὸ θαῦμα; μίαν, ξένε, πατρίδα κόσμον
ναίομεν· ἓν θνατοὺς πάντας ἔτικτε Χάος.
πουλυετὴς δ' ἐχάραξα τάδ' ἐν δέλτοισι πρὸ τύμβου·
γήρως γὰρ γείτων κἀγγύθεν Ἀίδεω.
ἀλλά με τὸν λαλιὸν καὶ πρεσβύτην συ προσειπὼν
χαίρειν εἰς γῆρας καὐτὸς ἵκοιο λάλον.

XLIX

Tyre was the isle that fostered me,
my birth-place Gadara,
among the Assyrians though it be,
a town of Attica.

The son of Eucrates am I,
that with the Muses' aid
the Graces of Menippus nigh
my earliest course essayed.

If Syrian, what the marvel then?
stranger, we all have yet
one fatherland, the world; all men
one Chaos did beget.

When full of years inscribe I this
on tablets for my tomb,
for he that age's neighbour is
near unto death is come.

Thy garrulous and ancient sage
greet with a kindly speech;
so pray I garrulous old age
thou in thy turn may'st reach.

L

Ἀτρέμας, ὦ ξένε, βαῖνε· παρ' εὐσεβέσιν γὰρ ὁ πρέσβυς
εὕδει κοιμηθεὶς ὕπνον ὀφειλόμενον,
Εὐκράτεω Μελέαγρος, ὁ τὸν γλυκύδακρυν Ἔρωτα
καὶ Μούσας ἱλαραῖς συστολίσας Χάρισιν·
ὃν θεόπαις ἤνδρωσε Τύρος Γαδάρων θ' ἱερὰ χθών·
Κῶς δ' ἐρατὴ Μερόπων πρέσβυν ἐγηροτρόφει.
ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν Σύρος ἐσσί, Σάλαμ· εἰ δ' οὖν σύ γε Φοῖνιξ,
Ναίδιος· εἰ δ' Ἕλλην, Χαῖρε· τὸ δ' αὐτὸ φράσον.

L

TREAD softly, stranger: here at rest among pure souls below
an old man, Meleager, sleeps the sleep that all men owe:

The son of Eucrates; that did together of his wit
Muses and Love the sweet in tears with merry Graces knit:

Whom Tyre divine to manhood reared, and Gadara's holy land;
Cos of the Merops nursed his age upon her lovely strand.

If thou art Syrian, then *Salaam!* *Naidios!* if Phenician;
prithee to me return the same, or *Chaere!* if a Grecian.

Transformed fifty blossoms are of Meleager's soul,
all with the Muses and the Graces grown:
let these suffice thee; for *by far the half exceeds the whole*,
say we to whom is Hesiod's wisdom known.

Ἤδη πεντήκοντα μετεπλάσαμεν Μελεάγρου
σύντροφα καὶ Μούσαις ἄνθεα καὶ Χάρισιν.
ἀρκείτω σοι τοσσάδ'· ἐπεὶ πλέον ἡμισυ παντὸς,
ὥς φαμεν οἱ σοφίην εἰδότες Ἡσιόδου.

NOTES

II. Love is supposed a runaway; and the poem begins as a proclamation describing him. In l. 4 we should perhaps more probably join νῶτα φαρετροφόρος 'with a quiver at his back,' as χρύσεον περὶ νῶτα φαρέτριον in the second Idyll of Moschus, which this poem closely imitates. For, as writers in this kind generally, Meleager is a constant borrower of ideas, notably from Callimachus.

XXI. This is the ending of a debate with his own heart.

XXXVI. For Archilochus and this famous story, see the chapter on the Satirists in Mr. Symonds's *Greek Poets*.

XXXVII. A messenger coming from Mount Cithaeron with tidings for Niobe of the death of her sons, there slain by Apollo, finds her daughters also dying by the arrows of Artemis.

XL. Ares speaks.

XLVII. In ll. 5 and 7 the reading is quite uncertain.

XLIX. l. 2. Though in Syrian soil, an Attic city by virtue of its intellectual culture. The poets often say *Assyrian* for *Syrian*. l. 4. For Menippus, see the Introduction. In the *merry Graces* Meleager refers to his satiric work *The Graces*, there mentioned.

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II φωλεός ὁ = den, lair ἡ φωλεά τὰ

III τιθηνός -όν = tamed: domesticated / moderate / mild
τιθηνὸς Ἄρης = domestic strife

V πηκτίς -ίδος ἡ: an ancient kind of harp with 20 strings, mostly used in the Lydian; also called ἀγχόνειος.

VIII πώγων -ωνος ὁ: goat: curly.
σῦριγξ -ιγγος: reed, straw, any tube, especially the "pipe" used to draw wine out of the cask.
χλιαίνω = make warm
(mid): warm water for one's bath
(2): soften by heating: melt.

IX πρωϊνός = like a raw (πρώϊος)

X λαμυρός (λάμυρος) = 1. yawning, profound
2. voracious, gluttonous
3. bold, wanton: and h

XII ἰξός ὁ: viscum: mistletoe (2: Birdlime (prepared from mistletoe berry

XIV σχοινάνιος -α -ον (σχοῖνος = grass, rushes, bulrush = ring)
σχοινάνιος γλίχη: Cough a rushy, Cough
Also also written σχοινίνος as if from σχοῖνος a plant from Sardinia (Σαρδινή) σχοῖνος was said to distil the face of the earth)
ποδάγρος -όν } guiding the foot m. = attendant
ποδηγός -όν }

XVI πεπαίνω = ripen: mellow; ripe (pain) πεπαίνω, ἐπέπανα
πεπανθήσεται, ἐπεπάνθην.
λήθαργος = forgetting

XX πάχνη ἡ: frost: rime: fowling-net.

XXIV ἀνθρακόω = burn to charcoal